

Alan Jackson, Song For The Life

(Rodney Crowell)

Well I don't drink as much as I used to
Lately, it just ain't my style
And the hard times don't hurt like they ought to
They pass quicker, like when I was a child

And somehow I've learned how to listen
For a sound like the sun going down
In the magic the morning is bringing
There's a song for the life I have found
It keeps my feet on the ground

And the midsummer days sit so heavy
But don't they flow like the breeze through your mind
When nothing appears in a hurry
To make up for someone's lost time

And somehow I've learned how to listen
For a sound like the sun going down
In the magic the morning is bringing
There's a song for the life I have found
It keeps my feet on the ground

And somehow I've learned how to listen
For a sound like the breeze dying down
In the magic the morning is bringing
There's a song for the friend I have found
She keeps my feet on the ground
She keeps my feet on the ground